

## THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME V.—NUMBER 9.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1876.

WHOLE NUMBER 217.

## GENERAL NEWS.

**FIVE men** were hung at Fort Smith last Friday for murder.

**HALF a cent** is what it costs the government to make five-cent pieces.

**MOODY and SANKEY** are billed for an appearance for one week only at Augusta, Ga.

**A MAN** in Chicago has heard nine feet long. He does it up just like a girl does her tresses.

**A WOMAN** in Pittsburg weighing 120 pounds, has given birth to a baby weighing 24 pounds.

**A NEGRO preacher** stole two horses in Texas, and was arrested for the theft while preaching.

**At Yorkville, N. Y., a Judge** recently fued a young lady and gentleman \$10 apiece for kissing on the streets.

**A FIFTY mile** mustang race has just been run in California, the winner making it in two hours and eight minutes.

**A MAN** named Wm. Cooper, in St. Louis, on being jilted by his girl, shot her dead, and then put a bullet through his own brain.

**PETITIONS**, with over a million signatures, have been presented to Congress, praying for the repeal of the Resumption Act.

**A STUDENT** of the Virginia University has just committed suicide by shooting himself with a pistol. Mental aberration is assigned.

**M. C. KERR**, present speaker of the House of Representatives, will not be a candidate for re-election. The reason assigned is failing health.

**VOLCANO**, the race horse that broke his leg the first day of the New Orleans race, was sold for \$50. Every exertion will be used to save him for the stud.

**Two lawyers** of Charleston, W. Va., named Nash and Snyder, got into a difficulty, which ended in Snyder being severely, probably mortally, wounded.

**PRairie fires** are raging in Iowa and Dakota, to a very destructive extent. A great deal of property has been destroyed, but no lives are reported lost, as yet.

**A Jury** in Carroll county, Ga., brought in this verdict—"We, the jury, agree to disagree," for which contempt the Judge agreed to fine them five dollars apiece.

**DOLAN**, convicted for the murder of Noel, in New York, paid the penalty with his neck last Friday. He had been married to a beautiful girl during his imprisonment.

**A BIRD** thief stole a horse and buggy from the stable of President Grant one night last week. He probably went on the supposition that Grant could spare them equally as well as any lousy else.

**WHILE** five persons were descending a coal shaft in Missouri, this week, the rope broke, throwing them all to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of over 100 feet, killing three instantly, and mortally wounding the other two.

**A WOMAN** in Tennessee, has just committed suicide by hanging herself to a tree with a hank of cotton. She climbed upon a fence, and fastening one end of the cotton to the limb of a tree, and the other around her neck, swung off.

**DONN PLATT**, of the Washington Capital, has owned up to his complicity in the Moth preventive swindle. He got fifteen per cent. of the gross receipts for his influence with the Secretary of War, which amounted to some \$20,000 a year.

**THE Railroad Gazette** chronicles one hundred and nine railroad accidents, by which thirty men lost their lives and ninety-five were wounded, during the month of March. Twenty-four of these accidents were caused by collisions, seventy-nine by derailments, five by explosions, and one by broken axle.

**A YOUNG girl** named Jennie Morris, of Indianapolis, was, some time since, decoyed into a rancho kept by a negro woman, and was forced to have criminal intercourse with a negro. She became en amant, and the negroes tried to get her to have an abortion procured, she refused, and they beat her to death.

**ANOTHER** preacher has fallen from his high estate. The Rev. C. A. Kendrick, of the Baptist Church, at Columbus, Georgia, has been arrested for seducing a little girl thirteen years old. He was caught in the criminal act in his study, in the Church building, and public indignation is so strong against him, that a body of armed soldiers have to guard the jail night and day. The wretch has a wife and one child five years old.

## STATE NEWS.

**THE Herald** tells of a shower of forked tailed lizards, that recently visited a party of log rollers in Ohio county.

**A GROUND** has been raised near Fall mouth, four feet ten inches in length. It has the shape and size of a Base Ball Bat.

**A LITTLE girl** of a Covington Common School, has been dismissed for stealing a dollar from one of her schoolmates.

**THE Elizabethtown News**, has essayed the thankless task of proving to the Danville Advocate that Stewart was a philanthropist.

**THE men** Chas. Hopper and Martin Hines, arrested for the murder of the old negro man in Flemingsburg, last week, have been acquitted.

**PARKER**, who killed young Willie in Woodford county, in 1873, has, after a trial of nine days, been sent to the Penitentiary for three years.

**CATTLE** brought from 3 1/2 to 4 1/2 cts. at Mount Sterling, on Court day—there were only about 150 head on the market. Horses and mules sold low.

**THE Knob District** in Simpson county, is severely afflicted with pneumonia. The *Journal* says that several have died, and a number are reported in danger.

**CLARK**, the absconding Clerk from Warren county, has been caught in Tennessee. He was traveling in a carriage with his family. He is one-legged, and his wife is nearly blind.

**A Steam Flouring Mill** was burned at Versailles last week, we learn from the *Weekly*, causing a loss of \$5,000, upon which there was an insurance of \$3,000 in the Niagara Insurance Company.

**A MAN** calling himself Blevins, with several aliases, has been arrested in Winchester, says the *Register*, for having in his possession a horse stolen in Tennessee, which he traded him to Col. Burton, of Richmond.

**We learn** from the Richmond *Register*, that a party of Engineers have already started out to survey the proposed narrow gauge Railroad to Three Forks, on the Kentucky River, under J. P. Claybrook, Engineer of the L. & R. R.

**MR. D. W. HILTON** has just gained a suit for damages against the L. & N. Railroad, for \$500, for ejectment some five years ago, from a ladies car. The case was tried in Glasgow. *The probability is*, the Railroad Company will take it to the Court of Appeals.

**THE small boy** who goes to school, the cow with a right young calf, and the cow with a yearling calf, are all inclined to play hooky this time of year. The hooky furnished by the cow with the young calf, is, however, the most to be dreaded by the milkmaid.—[Glasgow Times.

**A COMPANY** of workmen were engaged last week near Bowling Green in quarrying out a large stone. Green to their surprise, they found the skeleton of a child imbedded beneath it. *The Pantograph* says a great deal of speculation has been caused by the discovery, but all theories at variance with a pretty little girl.

**A PRETTY little girl**, eleven years old, who weighs 50 pounds, is not but 47 inches tall, and has hair three feet long, is told by the Mount Sterling *Scimitar*. Her hair is as soft as silk, and it being impossible for her to fasten it up, it hangs almost down to her heels. What would some of our Stanford girls, who have hardly hair enough to pin up on the top of their heads, give for the suit of that little girl.

**THE Owensboro Monitor** tells how a brave girl overcame a negro wretch who had attacked her for hellish motives. The young lady had been out to spend the day, and on returning, was accosted by the fiend, with the request to walk with her. She refused, and judging what his intentions were, she summoned all her strength at a point that the road was crowded close to the river bank and shoved him over into the quicksand, which soon enveloped him. His body has not been recovered, though distinctly felt with a long pole.

**A YOUNG lady** with raven locks was seen crossing the street on Wednesday afternoon, in company with the Town Marshal. Her steps were unsteady, and investigation disclosed the fact that she had neither vertigo nor heart disease, but was simply drunk. The jail not being ready for prisoners she was comfortably quartered in one of the grand jury rooms with Coroner B. D. Miller, as guard. She gives no name, but hails from Stanford, and rumor has it, that she is a demi-procurer of that growing village, who has come to Richmond on a lark.—[Richmond Register.

## Circumstantial Evidence.

One of the most melancholly instances of what may be termed judicial murder was the case of Eliza Fenning, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, of more than usual intelligence for one of her class, bright, coquettish, but well-disposed and amiable. The daughter of poor parents, she was employed as a cook in the family of Mr. Turner, a law-stationer. One day the father of Mr. Turner went to his son's house to dinner, and Mrs. Turner ordered Eliza to make some yeast dumplings. When dinner-time came the three Turners sat down to the table and began to discuss the savory dish. The dumplings had scarcely been tasted, however, when all three were seized with sharp and agonizing pains. The dish was taken out to the kitchen, and there Gadsden, one of the apprentices, partook of it, and also felt violently ill. Eliza herself, next ate of the dish, and was attacked by the same strange symptoms. The apprentice, King, and Sarah, the maid, who had dined earlier, did not taste the dumplings, and were not ill. A physician was called, who declared that the sufferers had been poisoned by arsenic, and the dumplings being examined, poison was discovered therein. Suspicion fell at once upon Eliza Fenning, and she was arrested and arraigned on a charge of attempting to poison the Turners. From the first she earnestly protested her innocence. It was proved that she alone had mixed and made the dumplings; the circumstantial evidence went to show that no one else could have had access to them until they were served upon the table. The accused declared that the poison must have been in the milk and not in the dumplings. Now the milk had been brought by Sarah. It was then inferred that Eliza was trying to divert suspicion from herself to her fellow-servant. The analysis proved conclusively that the arsenic was in the dumplings and not in the milk. Upon strong circumstantial evidence the unfortunate girl was condemned to death. She was, however, reprieved for three months, in the hope that new evidence would transpire to save her. None was forthcoming. She was executed amid the greatest excitement throughout the metropolis; and on a warm July day she was borne, amid the sorrowing faces of ten thousand spectators, and her pall upheld by six young girls robed in white, from her humble home to the grave-yard of the Foundling Hospital. Half a century later, the confession of the real murderer came out, and her innocence proved beyond a doubt. But would it profit her that a city mourned over her early grave, and men did tardy justice to her memory?

## A Little Romance.

About twenty years ago, one of our most respected business men was divorced in the courts from his wife, who was shortly afterwards delivered of a daughter. The wife had kept her condition a secret from her husband, and immediately after the divorce was granted, removed from the city, bringing up her child with an unusual degree of tenderness, giving out that it was an infant sister, and as the mother was quite young, no one disputed her statement. Time passed on and her natural intelligence and lady-like manner won for herself the affection of a young clergyman, to whom she afterwards became engaged. Some busy body, however, whispered into the clergyman's ear that the child was an illegitimate one, and he demanded to know the truth. She did not dare reveal the truth, but adhered to the statement that it was her sister, and therefore lost her lover. The girl grew up and married quite a worthy young man. To the young husband, however, came intelligence of the whole truth of his wife's birth, and he lost no time in confiding the secret to her. Yesterday, great was the astonishment of her father, who still does business here, to receive a letter from a daughter of whose existence he had never dreamed. He leaves her on Monday to join the young wife, and there now is but one more link missing to the chain that would make him a supremely happy man. Let it be hoped that he will be more so.—[Newport, (R. I.) Cor. Providence Journal.

## Use of Salt.

Halt's Journal of Health thus sums up some of the uses of salt: It will cure sick headache, make cream freeze, make the butter come, take ink stains out of cloth of any kind, kill worms, make the ground cool; so it is more congenial to celery, cabbage, etc. It will cease the itching pain caused by irritating skin diseases, cure hives, itch, etc. It will produce vomiting or stop it, as you like, and many other things too numerous to mention. All pure salt will do this, to a certain degree, but sea salt is the most efficient in its action.

## A Monopoly.

I have been at so-called social parties when a half dozen people completely monopolized the conversation; not that they were particularly brilliant or witty, by any means, but because they chose topics on which none save themselves were conversant. This conversational discourtesy is the result of downright selfishness, and is, unfortunately, common to most gatherings of society people. You are invited to a certain house, where you are to meet a number of people who are on intimate terms with each other, but with whom you are comparatively unfamiliar. Naturally, somewhat diffident at finding yourself in a strange atmosphere, you are a subject who ought to be encouraged rather than discouraged. But, alas! the treatment which you receive, effectually puts a damper upon you. It is true, there is plenty of conversation; but it is of such a character that you may be pardoned if you come to the conclusion that a conspiracy has been entered into with a view of preventing you from taking part in it. People of whom you know nothing, and, perhaps, have never seen, are talked about as quickly as tongues can rattle, but all that you find it possible to do, is to put on a sickly smile now and then when the chatter and merriment of your entertainers are more than ordinarily effusive. Then, past events of which you have no knowledge, and future schemes in which you are to have no part, are brought on the carpet. Again, you find it impossible to bear up against the combination of circumstances which is brought to bear upon you, and become comparatively dumb-stricken. The probability is, that you return to your home, feeling that you have made an exhibition of yourself, and those whom you have been mingling with come to the conclusion that you are a very dull and stupid person. At the same time, so locked up are they in themselves, it never occurs to them that they have failed to give you a fair chance. They forget that when, in a fit of recklessness, you humbly ventured to most subjects of general interest, you were encouraged to persevere in your way by receiving monosyllabic replies, or none at all. It is time, then, that those who profess to practice the courtesies of life should learn that about the worst form of polite insolence extant is that under notice. It is one form of talking "shop" which, as every well-bred person knows, is in the worst possible taste.

## Learning to Swim.

Capt. Webb, the great swimmer, writes in Cassell's Family Magazine: "It is the duty of every parent to insist on his son's learning to swim. To teach a very young child to swim, the best place is a puddle in the sand at low tide. The child, like a puppy, will begin by paddling. If you throw a cork into the water, you will see the puppy run up to its depth and give a short bark; and the chances are, especially if there is a grown up dog that can swim to set him an example, that in a day or two he will take his plunge of his own accord, and very proud he will be of his first success; only here again don't overdo it. As soon as the puppy has been in, walk away and call him and he will be more anxious to go into the water another time. Now treat your child like your puppy. Entice him to go in, and if you can get some older child who can swim to go in with him all the better, but let the child do just as he likes. Get two children to play at splashing one another; they will enjoy the fun, and gradually getting excited will venture in deeper and deeper."

## A Leap Year Tragedy.

They stood together in the entry beneath the hall lamp.

"Then, Henry," she said, in a low voice, wherein were blended determination, melancholy, and love, "you refuse my suit?"

"Yes, Ella," he replied, in accents that were firm, though the speaker's voice trembled. "I refuse you; I will be a brother to you, and watch with pride your course through life, and if ever trouble should befall you, there will at least be one friend to whom you can come for succor; but I can never, never be your husband."

"It is not because I am poor, Henry? For, oh, if that were all, I could toil gladly from morn till night, for you, and strive and win a home for you; humble it might be, but our own."

"It is useless to attempt to induce me to change my determination. Though I am but a poor weak man, I can never, never change my mind."

"Then, cruel young man, so fair and yet so false, farewell. To-morrow you will see my mangled remains on the lecture platform, and know that it has been your work. But it will be too late," and clasping him to her bosom in wild embrace, she fled into the outer darkness.

## How to find out whom any given Person will marry.

It doesn't require an astrologer, a medium, or a gipsy with a dirty pack of cards.

It is very simple—lies in a nutshell and can be expressed in a very few words. They are these:

The last person you would think of.

If a girl expresses her fondness for majestic men with large whiskers, make up your mind that she will marry a very small man with none.

If she declares that "mind" is all she looks for, expect to see her stand before the altar with a very pretty fellow who has just sense enough to tie a cravat bow.

If, on the contrary, she declares she must have a handsome husband, look about for the plainest person in the circle of her acquaintance and declare "that is the man" for it will be.

Men are almost as bad.

The gentleman who desires a wife with a mind and mission, marries a lying baby, who screams at the sight of a mouse, and hides her face when she hears a sudden knock at the door.

And the gentleman who dreads anything like strong-mindedness exults in the fact that his wife is everything he detested.

If a girl says one, "Marry him! I'd rather die," look upon the affair as settled, and expect cards to the wedding of these two people.

If a man remarks of a lady, "Not my style at all," wait patiently the appearance of his name in the matrimonial column in connection with that lady.

And if any two people declare themselves "friends and nothing more," you will know what will come next.

There is no hypocrisy in all this, and such marriages are invariably the happiest.

People do not know themselves, and make great mistakes about their intentions.

Love is terribly perplexing when he first begins to upset one's theories, and when his arrow first pierces the heart there is such a fluttering there that it is hard to guess the cause.

Besides, man proposes and God disposes, and it is the "I don't know what" with which people fall in love, and not their peculiarities which could be given in a passport.

**A Whole Family in Heaven.**

This following eloquent passage is from the pen of the Rev. Albert Barnes: "A whole family in Heaven! Can you picture or describe the everlasting joy? No one absent, no father, nor mother, nor son, nor daughter, nor any one. In the world below, they were united in faith, and love, and peace, and joy. In the morning of the resurrection, they ascended together. Before the throne they bow together in united adoration. On the banks of the river of life they walked hand in hand; and as a family, have commenced a career of glory which shall be everlasting. There is hereafter to be no more separation in that family. No one is to lie down on a bed of pain. In Heaven never is that family to move along in the slow procession, clad in the habiliments of woe, to consign one of its members to the tomb. God grant in his mercy every family may be thus united."

**The Latest Wonder.**

The California College of Sciences have been experimenting upon a boy whose sight is said to be telescopic—the result of his possessing flat and thin eyes, with large iris, flat lens, immense retina, and greatly dilated pupil. He describes the vegetation on the face of the moon as wholly metallic, and the farms, he says, are extremely beautiful. The trees are but twenty-five feet at the highest, and the ground is strewn with flowers, but they are all metallic, gold and silver being the most common. The mountains are of burnt granite, and have the look of having been melted by fire. The sea of glass that has been observed near the moon's northern rim was examined by him, and pronounced to be a sea of quicksilver. If the boy is genuine, and not a fiction, he should be cared for as an agent of the highest use.

**A Wooden Watch.**

We were shown yesterday, by Engineer Mat Franklin, a wooden watch made by Mr. Victor Doriot, of Bristol. The case is made of birch-root, and the inside works, all except three of the wheels and the springs (which are metal), are made of boxwood, while the face is made from a piece of the shoulder-blade of a cow which was run over by a train and killed some time ago. It is an open-faced watch with a glass crystal, and is an elegant piece of workmanship, displaying wonderful talent in the maker. It does not weigh more than an ounce. Mat says he has carried the watch a day or two, and it keeps as good time as any watch he ever carried.—[Knoxville Chronicle.

## What She Could Do With It.

It is highly probable that the widow of Alexander T. Stewart will be annoyed and persecuted beyond measure by beggars of various degrees—even now that Judge Hilton is employed to assist her in discharging it. If she had retained the whole, she could not, during her life, give away more than the merest fraction of the interest of her vast fortune. If she knew all her time in making small donations, she could not give it all away during her lifetime. Suppose her net worth \$50,000,000, and to disburse only the interest, she could get rid of \$10,000 a day, or \$1,000 every working hour. In other words, she could perpetually give away \$16 a minute for ten hours of ever working day and never touch the principal. If resolved to transfer to others the entire fortune it would take her a year if she counted out \$3 50 a second. In \$100 bills, laid end to end, it would reach from the Battery to Central Park. If divided into \$1 bills, and kept at compound interest neither Mrs. Stewart nor any single line of successors could ever count it and give it away, even if the counting were continued for thousands of years and each counted as fast as possible. If it was all in \$10 bills, and a thief should get access to the pile and take one bill a minute, it would require more than thirty years for him to capture the fortune. Then in some States he could be punished only for petit larceny, because the individual thefts would amount to "less than \$15." On the whole Mrs. Stewart and her legal Cerberus are not to be envied.—[Graphic.

## A Puzzle for the Doctors.

A correspondent of the New Haven (Conn.) *Register*, writes: "That mysterious relation which is said to exist between an amputated limb and its parent body receives a fresh illustration in the case of young Palmer, who suffered the loss of a leg, recently, and of which mention was made by our correspondent. After the operation, the removed member was deposited in a box and buried by direction of the family. The patient complained severely of pain and a sense of cramping in the lost foot, and suffered so acutely that at the suggestion of some one the package was taken up and examined. It was found on opening that the box was too short for the limb, and that the foot and toes had twisted into a strained and unnatural position; a large case was prepared and the member placed in it in an easy position and reburied, since which time the patient has rested quiet, and no complaint has been made."

## Conscience Makes Cowards.